A PEASANT PRESIDENT.

PATTI AS JULIET-THE BOULANGER DI-VORCE.

PROM THE RECULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Paris, November 30.

I had a slight personal acquaintance with the late President of the Swiss Confederation-Colonel Hertenstein. He was what the Scotch would call a "douce well respected body," and originally was not above the rank of a cowherd. He had some traits of character that resembled Scotch ones-was never above his business, was of an inquiring mind, especially when he had State accounts to audit, and had an unusual degree of moral courage. His woodland experience might have enabled him to write a book on the fauna and flora of Switzerland, like Gilbert

White's Shelburne forest. Hertenstein was a Zurich Switzer, and was in the forest service before he went into politics and military administration. He was for some years in the government of his native canton. When he was brought into the Federal Council he took the direction of the military department, which at the time he did so stood much in need of being braced up and quickened. Hertenstein learned, he said, two things as a forester-to reflect and to be watchful. They were of immense use to him in directing a service which is beset with contractors who are well aware that temptation makes the jobber as well as the thief, and who are quick to tempt. It was borne upon his mind that in the next war between France and Germany the Germans will, if they can, invade France through Switzerland, He accordingly set himself to bring up the Swiss army to the highest degree of efficiency of which a militia with a permanent artillery is capable, and devoted ten years to the task. After he was named sident of the Confederation he continued virtual War Minister. There was no detail too slight to escape his notice.

Moltke, when last in Switzerland, said that Von Roon himself might take lessons in administration from Hertenstein. The head of the Swiss War Department when Moltke was in Switzerland had him closely watched in his excursions. Ordnance maps were given to the youngsters employed to dog him-all sons friends or relatives of Hertenstein; and they were enjoined to mark down carefully the places where the then commander-in-chief of the Prussian army stopped to make observations. The course taken by Moltke was proof to the sagacious old Switzer that Moltke was studying what resistance might be expected from Switzerland were a German army to try to bear down on France through the Basle, Champfonds and Brinne Railway, and what measures were to be taken to keep a retreat open. After Hertenstein was informed of the treaty between Italy and Germany, he said: "We Switzers must look sharp and prepare to resist breaches of neutrality. The allies (should their treaty have the ending which they contemplate) will try to effect a junction at Lyons. This means that they will, if they can, pass through Switzerland."

Hertenstein often warned France through M. Arago never to forget what temptation there is to concentrate South German troops at Basle should French resisting power toward Champfonds and Brinne be weak. France not being, from a railway point of view, so well organized to break through the obstacle of neutrality as Germany, was not therefore so much to be feared as the German Empire by the long-headed men of the Swiss Bund.

Hertenstein had a salary of \$3,000 a year. He kept no carriage and used to walk to his office every day. The amount of work that he undertook to do confined him to his desk and deprived him of that exercise which a man used in early life to outdoor activity requires. The malady of which he died was senile gangrene, although he was only sixty-three years old. This was because he did not eliminate through exercise the waste matter that clogged his organism. Not long ago there were artillery experiments to be made. Hertenstein went to watch them. He stood on half-thawed ice. A chilblain ensued. This led to a bad inflammation of the great toe, which was removed and gangrene followed. The left leg was cut off above Amputation relieved the pain, but the poison was too much in the system for this surgical treatment to save life. Morbid symptoms showed themselves in the pit of the stomach. There were two days of lethargy, followed by two of delirious fever. The latter were, however, broken by lucid intervals in which the President gave directions about the current business of his office. He then sank, grew insensible, and went out

President Carnot sent his condolences by M. Arago, the French Minister at Berne, to the Hertenstein family, and countermanded a shooting party which was to take place on the day appointed for the funeral. He could not, however, resist going to hear Patti sing in "Juliet" at the Opera House. Madame Carnot went with him dressed in white satin, gold embroidered in the Directory style and gold jewels.

And of Patti? Well, considering how taste has changed since she used to be idolized here, she had a wonderful success. The house on the night in which she first appeared in "Juliet" was very plutocratic, but not of an exalted social character. The families of money-lenders and Bourse speculators were numerous and conspicuous,

Patti keeps her soft black eyes and winning physiognomy. There were tears in her eyes when she came on the stage. The character of Juliet matches with her temperament, and she knows how love ought to be expressed-a knowledge Sarah Bernhardt has never been able to acquire. The style of the singer has more breadth than it used to have, but she has been too long revelling in Italian scores to be at home in any others, and she did not do as well as she would have done in "Il Barbiere" or in "Lucia." Where she was best was in the waltz song in the first act, and in the lark song in the balcony scene. She tried to get rid of her tricks of mechanism, but was not quite able. Patti will never know how to dress. She looked more tawdry than elegant in the ball room scene.

Jean de Reszke was a wonderfully good Romeogentlemanly, passionate, feverish, and one of ha those impressionable men who offer next to no resistance to fate when it is evil, but are drifted to hither and thither by the cross currents with the circumstances of his environments. There is nothing epic about him. The gods love Juliet and so never let her realize how badly she has invested the pure gold of her affections. Were she more experienced she would lose in loving him her claim to sympathy.

General Boulanger is in the divorce court. This is not surprising. He had the misfortune to be married young to a woman whose mind has been set ever since she became his wife on having a grievance. With her grievance she is plague to herself and all around her. gro Without it her life would be utterly unendurable. It is her misfortune and not her the nineteenth century. fault to have gallstones in her liver. But all the same, given her temper, it is an awful misfortune to those whose lives are bound up with her's. Her breeding is provincial, and she is morbidly conscious of her plain manners. What with this consciousness and her vanity, she has always shunned measuring herself with pretty or agreeable or clever or brilliant women. This is why she would not help the General to do the honors at the soirces he gave at the War Office. Her religion is of the melancholy, narrow kind, that suits her disposition and consists in petty observances in which there is no enlivening spirit. A constant source of bitterness to her is the General's love for his poor old mother, to whom he devotes

through Europe with a party consisting of his second daughter, her betrothed lover, now her busband, and his own mistress. The "mistress" was simply the sister of the loves, and went with her brother and future sister-in-lew as the matron of the latter. French

himself every Sunday evening whenever she is at

all within his reach. Boulanger's filial tenderness is

charges him with having travelled last autumn

I hear that Madame Boulanger

manners would not admit of a young lady travelling about even with her own father and her future husband unless there was a person of her own sex to watch over her! The charge is false. But the plaintiff thinks her husband too glad of the chance of getting rid of her to prove the falseness of the accusation. This is a fine instance of the perversity of which a sour-tempered and narrowminded woman can be guilty. If the General proves his innocence, he will have to remain tied to this dreadful wife. If he does not he will be disgraced.

WORK FOR A SINGLE TAX.

PLANS FOR TEACHING HENRY GEORGE'S DOC-TRINES-DOCUMENTS TO BE SCATTERED

Henry George's disciples, who were radical free traders during the recent canvass for President, are going to continue in the same line with the hope of aving all taxes eventually laid upon land values. Enthusiastic believers in the land theory have sub scribed rather more than \$4,000 for this work. The sum will be increased to \$5,000, and this, it is expected, will suffice to continue the propaganda for another year. W. T. Croasdale, chairman of the Single-Tax Enrolment Committee during the late canvass, will be the executive officer of the new crusade. Mr. Croasdale's Enrolment Committee obtained the signatures of 11,000 men in various parts of the country, who declared their intention to vote for Cleveland and Thurman because the signers be-

lieved that the election of the Democratic National

candidates would be a step toward free-trade and the These 11,000 men, living in every State and Territory of the Union, save Mississippi and Arizona, are to be the basis of the propagands. In a few days a shower of documents will descend upon these men from Mr. Croasdale's committee. They will be addressed in a letter asking them to obtain signatures to a petition which calls upon Congress to remove all Federal taxation from the products of industry. This petition is so drawn that persons who do not scept Mr. George's doctrine, but regard land as the only proper object of taxation, may sign the document. no political party is to be formed, that the recent canvass has greatly advanced Mr. George's theory, that the "land reform" is going forward quite as rapidly as could be expected of so radical a movement, and whole people than of a propaganda by so feeble and

insignificant a body as the recent Labor party. Accompanying the letter will be an address signed by Henry George, Thomas G. Shearman, T. L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and many single-tax advocates in this and other States. The petition to Congress and blanks for signatures also are enclosed. It is expected that the 11,000 faithful will industriously distribute the blanks and exhibit the letter, the address and the petition. All signatures will be sent to the headquarters in New-York, booked according to States,

headquarters in New-York, booked according to States, counties and townships, and at the proper time transmitted to Congress along with the petition.

The promoters of the propaganda say that they have enough money to take care of the movement, provided not more than 500 signatures per week are received. The cost of the work will depend largely upon the number of signatures received, because the signers, new and old, will be constantly supplied with printed matter bearing upon the movement. A lecture bureau to supply to benighted regions faithful exponents of the single-tax idea is part of the propaganda.

COURTESY AND A MAN'S HAT.

t on meeting in corridor or thoroughfare. Equally seneral in the older lands, where external courtestes and higher than with us, is the custom of doffing the lat on passing a lady—stranger or acquaintance—on he staircase or in the halls of hotel or other public building. In witnessing the effect of the neglect of he gracious little ceremony in the country that furbishes the best husbands in the world, it is impossible o restrain the regretful sigh:

"These things ought ye to have done, and not to eave the other undone."

The lower we go the more descend the social scale. The lower we go the more

The undoing is carried to a disgraceful excess as we descend the social scale. The lower we go the more scanty is the observance of the etiquette and moralities of the hat, until we are forced to consider the important adjunct to the outdoor toilet as an almost infall ble barometer of breeding. Respect of the rules regulating its management in refined circles is the last sign of better days and better manners with which the decayed gentleman parts. When his hand forgets the way to the hat-brim, he is very near the foot of the hill. What a slangy lad once called in my hearing "the hat-trick," is likewise that which the self-made man of plebelan extraction is slowest to learn. I have seen millionalres forget to remove their hats in superb drawing-rooms.

One of the most mortifying experiences of my earlier married life was the visit to our county-house of a distinguished man, than whom the State held none abler of his profession. We had invited several friends to meet him, and the dinner given in his honor passed off smoothly. The lion repared in a perfectly satisfactory manner, winning universal admiration. Coffee was served on the veranda, and the evening being cool, the great man called for his hat. He might have asked permission from the women preserve their vocal cords from rust. As the chilliness increased, we adjourned to the library, whore a dire had been kindled. There, in the assembled presence of our choicest neighbors, the great man wore his hat until the hour of separation! The recollection is an agony. The inference, borne out by subsequent discoveries, was inevitable. He was a commoner of the commonalty and vulgar ingrain. It ought to have been impossible for him to commit such a breach of good manners in any circumstances. The varnish of until the hour of separation! The recollection is an agony. The inference, borne out by subsequent discoveries, was inevitable. He was a commoner of the commonality and vulgar ingrain. It ought to have been impossible for him to commit such a breach of good manners in any circumstances. The varnish of surface—and unaccustomed—courtesy, like other cheap and patent dressing, requires frequent renewal, and cannot be warranted to wear.

As a grateful contrast, I offer another authentic incident. A true gentleman, driving through the country with his wife and children, stopped at a small farm-house to inquire the way. A child on the front seat of the carriage had a view of him as he knocked at the door.

the door. "Pana's talking to a lady," chirped the little one. can't see her, but I know, because he took off his t when the door opened, and is standing with it in hand."

hat when the door opened, and is standing with it in his hand."

The "lady" followed him to the steps as he returned to the carriage. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders; she were a shabby called gown without a collar. Her hair was unkempt, her arms and hands dripped with suds. Her parting directions were shrilly nasal and ungrammatical. The man who appeared beside her as a prince beside a serf, stood with his noble head bared as in a royal presence.

"How could you!" queried the quick-eyed occupant of the front seat. "She want' a bit of a lady."

"She was a woman, my boy; and a gentleman is always a gentleman for his own sake."

"Men can do no end of preity things with their hats." sighed a belle to me. "The tactics of that useful article masculine) are a science—one of the fine arts. Yet two-thirds of them don't half appreciate their privileges in that line, or suspect their possibilities."

I saw a man who calls himself a gentleman kiss his betrothed the other day, with his hat set as immovably on his head as if it had grown there with his growth, and strengthened with his strength:

Fancy a condition of mind and body that could make such a thing practicable in a Christian land, and in the nineteenth century.

When the ice cream was placed upon the table at a birthday party one of the youthful guests ex-tlaimed, "My stomach says, 'You bet I like that." Question in catechism-What did God give you be-

ght little girl-Heads. "Mamma," said an ambitious baby, "how soon will I be old enough to have a moustache and corns to



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GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE LITERARY DIVERSIONS OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND JUSTICE BRADLEY.

SENATOR FRYE'S ADVENTURE-WAS CONGRESS MAN M'ADOO ARRESTED FOUR HUNDRED TIMES :- CASE OF MISTAREN IDENTITY

-OUAY'S POINT ON CHANDLER. Washington, Dec. 15 .- I hear that Justice Bradley is writing a book-not a legal volume, but a family history. It is more for his own satisfaction than for any other purpose, and if the work is published it will probably be for private circulation only. The Justice was raised near Albany, but his family were among the original settlers around Stamford, Conn. Every landmark in that historic spot is familiar to Justice Bradley and he finds great delight in his in

I hear also that some of Chief Justice Puller's admirers have been anxious to have a collection of his poems and addresses made. Mr. Fuller, however, is modest about it. His poems are his pride, and takes more pleasure in them than in a knotty legal question. Those which have been given to the public have been mostly of an elegiac character, such as odes on Garfield, Grant and Logan. His friends have a notion that Mr. Fuller has attempted something ambitious in the way of an epic after Homer and Virgil. Their curiosity on this point has never been gratified addresses of the Chief Justice are flowery enough to be called prose poems. oratory" they used to be called in Chicago. One of these addresses was delivered at a celebration in honor of Stephen A. Douglas last spring and opened with a pithy statement that "the Republic is op portunity." A few weeks later the orator was called from private life to fill the vacancy caused by the sudden death of Chief Justice Waite. On leaving Chicago Mr. Fuller was given a dinner at which many notable speeches were made. He himself talked with his ented felicity, quoting largely from Cicero, and not forgetting to say something pleasant about the "snaviter in modo" and the "fortiter in re." It is addresses of this kind that his friends would like to see given a more lasting fame than the columns of the daily newspaper afford, but the Chief Justice is wary and will hardly gratify any enemy he may have by writing a book. I have heard from a friend that his book reviews were not unknown in the literary olumns of the Western papers, while on one occasion it was his pen that analyzed a popular opera bouffe. The same friend tells me that the chances are that ome enterprising newspaper could get an interview from the Chief Justice on "Robert Eismere" and "John Ward, Preecher," which would be more incisive than most of the pulpit criticisms which have been so numerous of late. Novels which strike a new vein are his delight and he has sometimes laughingly promised to write one himself.

e contents himself with reading them for recreation. Whenever some noted ecclesiastical litigation comes before the Supreme Court, it is altogether probable that the Chief Justice will assign the writing of the opinion himself. He likes to delve in this branch of the Years ago in the celebrated trial of Bishop Chency, Mr. Fuller, though himself an orthodox of the persecuted ecclesiastic with all the arder of a The Bishop, was charged with heresy concerning infant baptism. Mr. Fuller delivered a three days' speech which astonished the ecclesiastical tri not only by its literary tone, but also by the depth of its theological learning. I believe his citent was acquitted of heresy. The Chief Justice always took an active interest in theological matters and was

was acquitted of lowery. The time dustine and was to make the pleasing truth that it is settled safety and becoming. The man who forgets what he has upon his head is always a shiftled possession. The last of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the lower of the lower of the last of the commendation of his head is always a shiftled possession. The last ownered under the early of the lower of the last of the last of the last of the lower of the last of the

sit there until some one came, even if I had to wait the sky at an angle of about sixty degrees from me, and wondered if it could be a star. I concluded that stars did not jump about as that did, and it was to big for a fire-fly. Finally I gave a long, loud hello, which was answered by a voice in the direction of the light, and I shouted at the top of my voice,

"'Up here,' was the answer.

"How can I get up there?' I asked. "'You will have to climb the bank,' was the reply. 'Come this way and you will find a path.'

"I tumbled along over the raft, reaching terra firms safely, and found the path. The man on the bank could see the light of my eigar and shouted to me once in a while to go this way or that way, and with his guidance and by feeling along with my hands, I finally seached the top of the bluff, after the toughest climbing I ever had in my life; and I am a good deal of a mountaineer. I found standing there with the must have weighed between four and five hundred pounds, and after asking if I was Senator Free, he began to make excuses for not coming down the bank to meet me. I told him that no apology was necesdo comfortably, and I did not blame him for not wanting to make the attempt, even to meet a Senator. said he was chairman of the township Republican Com mittee, and that they had appointed a delegation of offizens to meet me at the wharf, but as similar cor mittees had been selected to meet political speakers

five different occasions within ous three of four years, not one had ever come for them to receive, the gentle men appointed to welcome me had gone home dis-gusted by the delay of the boat, and were probably all in bed and fast asleep by this time. He said he had been in bed himself, but his wife had remonstrated, and had told him that it was wicked for him to let stranger land at the wharf and try to make the town that time of night; so he had dressed limself again, and with his lantern had gone down to the edge of the bank to see if I had arrived. He took me to his house and gave me a comfortable bed.

"In the morning I was awakened by the firing of cannon, and when I went down to breakfast, asked what it meant. My host said that the Republican State Committee had often appointed meetings there but speakers seldom came, and the Republicans around the country had been fooled so often that they refused to turn out until they were certain the speake had arrived. The guns, he said, were signals to the surrounding country that the meeting would be held as announced. That afternoon I had one of the best audiences I ever spoke to, and the people seemed to be so much intrested and so much gratified that had taken the trouble to keep the appointment that they organized a second meeting for the evening and sent couriers throughout the country for eight or te miles around, so that I had a larger crowd than in the

"This morning in my mail I found a letter from lady whose name I did not recognize at first, but when she said that she was the wife of the fat man who had met me at the wharf at the time I have described ! recalled the circumstances, and the good dinner she gave me. She said her husband was dead and that an application for a pension had been filed in her behalf some months before, but the Democrat who represented the District in Congress was not looking after it properly and she asked if he would do so. soon as I got breakfast I started for the Pension Office and I am going to stand by the case until the pension

The House Naval Committee was enlivened one day this week by the story which George Wise told on covered, and although he has only one leg he did "Billy" McAdoo, of Jersey City.

I had been over to Jersey City to see some relatives. off for Europe," said the Virginia Congressman, "and went down to the dock to bid them good-by. I was sauntering along with a cigar in my mouth when a big policeman grabbed me. 'Come off wid yez,' he said, 'Don't yez know that

nobody is allowed to smoke here ?'

that I didn't know it was against the rule, and made nyelf very polite. My civility seemed to strike the bluecoat. He lookad at me as though it was something unusual. Then he graciously accepted a cigar

And where might yez be from? he inquired. "I said that I was from Virginia, but spent a good deal of my time in Washington, as I was a member

of Congress. "A mimber of Congress,' he said, musingly. Then he lowered his voice, as he asked:

" Do yez know our Congressman, Billy McAdoo? "Of course I knew Billy, and I was going on to tell what a useful member he was. But the policeman didn't care anything for that. He edged up to me, lowered his voice, and again whispered confidentially : "'I've run that fellow in more'n 400 times."

They say that McAdoo hasn't been in the committee room since Wise told the story. To add to his distress, a party of Jerseymen were visiting the capital, and McAdoo was showing them the sights. His colleagues declared that Wise story must be a gross libel. They didn't believe it and to show their confidence in McAdoo's reputation they proposed to get a denial from his townsmen who were fortunately in Washington just then. Nobody knows how many bottles it cost McAdoo to stop the

Carolina, the other day, shocked so many of his friends in Washington, was engaged not many years ago in the cultivation of an orange grove at Orange Dale, on the St. John's River, Fla. He had in his employ a negro boy, named Julius, who did not give very great satisfaction to his employer. One day the Judge, accompanied by two Washington friends who were paying him a visit, both lawyers, hired a black man to ferry them from Green Cove Springs to Orange Dale. He thought it a good opportunity for making some inquiries concerning Julius's character. So he asked the boatman if he knew Julius.

What, Julius Lemmons ?"

"Yes," said the Judge. "Know him? Ob course I does. Ebery man, white and black, 'bout here knows him." "What do you think of him?" asked the Judge. "Do you mean as to princerple?"

"I don't t'ink nuthin' of him; don't b'lieve half what he says. He'll take contracts for work, hire men to do the work, collect the money, and neber pay 'em. He's mean enough to fool his old fadder and mudder bofe. He's so smart you can't make garnshee stick on him. He owes eberybody. He'll ie, cheat, steal, an' do eberyt'ing bad. But, I tell you, he can talk-la! he's a slick talker. He can outtalk 'em all. Tell you what's a fact, Mr. Settle, he ought to 'a' bin a lawyer."

No more was said about Julius on that occasion Indeed, the Judge and his two friends, the lawyers from Washington, became suddenly absorbed in deep

It can be stated upon the highest authority-this, I believe, is the customary phrase upon such occasions-that the President has not yet read "Robert Elsmere." Major Martin, of Texas, has.

A bad case of mistaken identity lately gave a Washington business man a shock from which he hasn't yet recovered. He was at the Capitol-probably not far from the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate-when he saw a friend whom he supposed to be out of the city. The friend is noted for a bald pate which would establish his identity anywhere. On this occasion his back was turned, and he might have been looking out of the window. His friend, the business man, gave him a thwack across the shoulders that would have staggered an ex, at

ides, and is one of the finest pieces of farm property in Western Michigan.

"I had not been out to the farm for some time," said the Senator. * So one fine day I arranged with my partner, Mr. Brown, who is manager of the place, to go out and look over the stock and take a sort of inventory of it. We started about 9 in the morning, and when we arrived at the farm the horses had all been fed and groomed and were feeling and looking n first-class condition. We got out the pedigree book and then carefully examined every young animal on the place. Many of them I had never seen. Brown would tell me the name of a colt, and after we had gone over his good points I would put alue down on my inventory book and then let him run off into the field. We spent several hours in this pleasant occupation, and I tell you it was quite a treat to see the young and frisky beauties scamper off, kicking their heels in the air. Well, after I had entered all the horses and set a very moderate value upon them, in no cases exceeding the price which they would bring in any open market, I found that we lantern in his hand the fattest man I ever saw. He had just \$105,000 worth of horse-flesh. Now see what a nice profit that represented. We bought the farm three years ago and organized a stock company with a capital of \$75,000. We owe a few thousand dollars for running expenses and things of that kind, but all this is more than offset by the value of the farm. So that, deducting the amount of capital we put in, the profits in three years, without any particular effort to run the farm as a money-making oncern, were more than \$100,000, which you see is nore than a Senator's salary. Some horses raised on his Kalamazoo stock farm have turned out to be purchased of Senator Stanford for \$10,000 and sold as a two-year-old for \$35,000, has just lowered her record, so that she is now in the 2:20 class, and she

> Colonel Dudley has at least one very warm friend and defender in the city of Washington, and, as far as I know, is not aware of the fact. It is a lady, too, the widow of a naval officer who died here everal years ago. She says that she supposes Colonel Dudiey has forgotten her, but she can never forget him, nor cease to be grateful for a service he rendered her once. It so happened that when she was coming o Washington from the West the sleeping-car caught fire in the night, and there was a panic among the passengers, who were awakened from their slumbers by the porter. She had her baby with her in the putting on some of her clothing and wrapping clanket around her child, she managed to get into the siste, which was filled with smoke, and endeavored t nake her way toward the door. The alsle was filled with bags and bed clothing which had been thrown out of the berths, and she was twice thrown down by frantic men who rushed by her. Finally she was jammed into a corner of the car by two great who seemed only anxious to get out, regardless of her or her child. The cries of the little one attracted the attention of one of the passengers who was ahead of her in the crush, and he called to the men between them to "help that woman out." They ook no notice whatever of his appeals, although they were several times repeated. that moral suasion was useless, he tried force, and seizing a rough fellow who was doing most of the crowding, he threw him over into a berth, and taking the baby in his arms forced back the rest of the men and led this lady upon the platform, where she was safe from the flames and was the first to leave the car. Then asking the number of her berth, he crept back into the car through the smoke and brought out her clothing and that of the child, just in time to save it from the flames. This brave rescuer, the lady says, was Colonel Dudley, as she afterward dissome pretty good work that night. She is willing to do almost anything for Colonel Dudley now, "It is queer," said senator Bowen, of California,

that I have got the reputation of being an habitual poker player when, as a matter of fact, I play poker very little. Whist is my favorite game of cards, and allowed to smoke here?'
while I do play poker occasionally, I play whist three blogised as profusely as I could. explained times as much. I owe my reputation as a poker

player to Eugene Field, of "The Chicago News," who has been publishing anecdotes about me for the last ten or twelve years. Most of Field's stories are fictitious. Many of them have been told of people for the last hundred years. They are the worst sort of chestnuts. Some of the poker stories that are told about me I heard told on Henry Clay and Daniel Webster when I was a boy in Burlington, Iowa, and used to sit about the steamboat wharves. But I don't object in the least to them."

The typewriter is a very useful but not always a safe instrument for candidates for office, as a certain Senator who is a candidate for re-election this winter

can testify. Not long ago he wrote a letter to a member of the Legislature of his State from one of the back counties, soliciting his support in the approaching contest, and, as is usual, dictated it to his stenographer, by whom it was transcribed upon a typewriter. Yesterday morning he received the following reply:

"Dear Sir: I have received your letter and when you write to me again you need not take the trouble to get your letter printed, for I can read writing as well as you can. Yours respectfully,

campaign has made him one of the most conspicuous of public men at the Capital. He is frequently seen in the centre of an admiring group of friends on the floor of the Senate or in the cloak-room, where he listens patiently to the pra'ses bestowed upon him and

"Quay," said Senator Chandler the other day, "it was a magnificent campaign. You deserve a great deal of credit." "Hem." grunted Quay.

"It will greatly add to your reputation," continued

Chandler.
"Hem," grunted Quay once more, raising his left eyelid just a little.
"Your fame will be more firmly established than went on Chandler; "you will be looked

"Hem." grunted Quay for the third time; and then he slowly drawled out:

"By the way, Chandler, who was Chairman of the Republican National Committee eight years ago?" "Why, that was-let me see-oh, yes-well, I declare-Quay smiled slyly as he stole out of the Chamber,

and left Mr. Chandler to refresh his memory. Poor Marshall Jewell!

The best part of the story is that Chandler tells it

Representative Boutelle, of Maine, had a little adventure the other day which some of his friends think is "ominous." He, as is well known, has been much talked of as a possible Secretary of the Navy under the Harrison administration, and no doubt if he were chosen he would make a very excellent one having been in the service himself, and having served as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs ever ince he entered Congress.

There are two lines of street ears on Pennsylvania ive. One runs to the Navy Yard and the other to the Capitol. If passengers in the latter cars wish to go to the Navy Yard they are handed transfer checks by the conductor, which are good for their fare on the next through-car that comes along. The distinguished Representative from Maine was sitting in a Capitol car the other morning, when, as it approached the witch, the conductor handed him a Navy Yard transfer

"What's this for?" asked Boutelle, who had never

"That's a transfer," replied the conductor; "don't

The third man laid down his cards, leaving John to bet next. He saw the raise and placed \$1,000 beside it whistling softly to himself. His enponent laid down his cards and pulled a long pocketbook from his po-He took out a roll of bills and counted them over very deliberately. Then he picked up his cards and ran them over again. His face was paie, but calm. He said

There was an intense strain in the absorbed silence of the group now. The man drew a long breath, other moved uneasily in his chair, but no one said a word.
"The man counted out \$1,000," continued the narrator, then he counted out another thousand, and another and him a moment and went down into his pecket. The hands

One of the listeners now tapped his foot impatiently "The man slowly pushed the five rolls to the centre

gether. He took his wallet and placed it beside the A flutter ran through the group, followed by a sudden

hush. The narrator stopped in his story, and bringing his chair down to the floor, reached for a match. He struck it, waited for the sulphur to burn out, and re-lighted his cigar. For a moment he puffed away silently, And then T' said one of his hearers nervously

TALKING ABOUT THE PICTURES.

SOME RANDOM COMMENTS OVERHEARD AT THE

have pretty definite opinions of what they see there. Their judgments may not always agree with those of acknowl-edged art critics, but they are none the less sincere. A risitor the other day resolved, instead of looking at the pictures for himself, to see what others had to say them. He still held his catalogue in his hand and kept his eyes on the walls, but he overheard much that was

evidently in search of something. They found it at last, and it proved to be a picture designated in the catalogue simply as a "Portrait." But these women were interested in it because they knew the original

Isn't it exactly like her ?" exclaims one. Just perfect !" says another.

"Oh, but it doesn't do her justice; she has such lovely hair, you know, and just look at that!" " And she looks so serious; just as if she were going to " Did you ever me her wear that dress?"

A man and his wife sit on one of the long benches looking at the wall before them. He has every mark of a

"I think that is beautiful," she says, pointing to a "It isn't so good as the one above it." he renlies " Oh, I like it a good deal better." "Well, it isn't such a good picture"-referring to the

catalogue-" it's only \$750, and the one above it is \$1.000. That settles the matter. But here is a man whose judgment is not inducated by price. He is looking at a small picture and apparently trying to like it. "I suppose must be famous," he says, " but I shouldn't want to put

It is \$400," says his companion. "Well, I shouldn't want to put \$400 into it, either."

A woman pauses before the picture entitled "Busy Tack orkers," and asks her companion, who has a catalogue.

\$200 into that."

The other looks hurriedly at the page. " Busy Type-"Oh!" says the first, and passes on with an unsatisfied

expression in her face.

A man looking at the little picture called "Sunlight in the Studio," remarks; "Of course an artist can do a thing like that, because he has all those colors constantly before him in his studio."

"True," says his friend. "but is it any reproach to a autiful picture that the artist had the means at hand to Elementary Mathematics.—Teacher—Tommy, what is half of eight?
Pupil—Sideways or top?
Teacher—What do you mean?
Teacher—Why, half from the top of eight is nothing, and half sideways is three.—Time.



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WHAT A NORTHER IS LIKE.

MARINERS WHO SAIL IN THE GULF OF MEXICO KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM-CAPTAIN DEAKEN'S ANALYSIS OF THEIR RISE, FALL

From the reports received about the "northers" along the Gulf coast of Mexico, from November 20 to 26, it appears that that quarter of the globe has to answer in part for the storm which so alarmed business men living out of town two weeks ago. Captain John Deaken, who saw service as an officer in the Navy during the Civil War, and now commands the steamship City of Alexandria, of the Ward Line, and is one of the oldest of the small number of American steamship captains, had an interesting experience of six days of "northers" in the harbor of Vera Cruz between the above dates. Vera Cruz has been comparatively an open roadstead, but being the most important sea port on the Mexican coast, President Diaz has concluded to secure safety to the ships harboring there by having a breakwater built across one of the entrances to the harbor. The improvements will cost Mexico \$10,000,000.

Captain Dealten is a modest man when speaking of his own experiences at sea, but he has seen some of the worst storms that ever visited the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, the Bermudas, or along the Atlantic or Gulf coast. His long experience in the trade with the Gulf of Mexico makes him competent to des a norther in all its details. Asked to define one of full development, he said:

"A norther in the Gulf of Mexico is the nearly expended deviltry of one of those blizzards which ripen somewhere in the storm centre of Jay Cooke's original sotherm up there in Dakota or Manitoba. It is one of those tempests which sweep down like an old adventurer to make the amateur sallors wish they were dead. Those which I experienced on my last trip were youngsters, but one in its full, healthy form-would smile at the weak pretensions of the blizzards further north. I have experienced some of these in Vera Cruz, when the only thing to do was to get out the big anchors, bow and stern, and then pray that they would hold. I have seen vessels, like brigs, schooners and lighters, blown ashore in the harbor and go to pieces, and have felt grateful that our own ship's cables d.d not part. The yawning sea beneath us, the howling gulf outside and the shricking winds all about, make one glad enough to be on a ship strong and sound, while along the craggy shores the great waves break madly and the run of spray rises high above. And after it is all over, and the sea has calmed down, and the doors of the warehouses are again opened, there is a keen sense of what a norther is capable of from the sight along the shore, with the bones of the various crafts that have succumbed to the elements.

"Another side of the picture is, and we experienced it on the last trip, that you must lie there several days with no idea as to how soon the weather will break, so that you can have your vessel discharged of cargo and outward freight taken on board. During this delay you cannot get on shore, and if on shore you cannot get to your ship, the expenses go on, your friends become apprehensive, the schedule of the movements of the vessel is disturbed, the shippers growl at the clerk of the weather; in fact, these northers put everybody out of humor for the time being. However, those are only some of the ex-periences of 'a life on the ocean wave." being.

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